LEAVE
IT
TO
PARA

KASPER
MILKMAN
COP
& DEVIL

KASPER: MR. MILKMAN
CAN I HAVE SOME MILK?

MILKMAN: JUST A MINUTE.

K: WHAT'S JUST A MINUTE?

M: IT MEANS JUST 10 MINUTES BECAUSE THAT'S HOW LONG IT TAKES ME TO MILK BESSY

K: WHO IS BESSY?

M: SHE IS THE ONE WHO PRODUCES THE MILK

K: I DIDN'T KNOW MILK HAS TO BE PRODUCED. I THOUGHT IT COMES IN A BOX.

M: NO NO THAT'S THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY. THE NEW POST-MODERN WAY IS YOU BUY A PATCH OF PASTURE WITH A COW ON IT. YOU CALL THE COW BESSY + YOU MILK HER.

K: BUT WHAT IF BESSY DOESN'T WANT TO GIVE YOU THE MILK?

M: WHY WOULDN'T SHE?

K: WHAT IF SHE HAS A BABY THAT WANTS THE MILK?

M. OH YOU MEAN THOSE

LITTLE THINGS. THEY'RE CALLED CALVES.

K. YES, CALVES, THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.

M. THAT'S RIGHT. SHE HAD A CALF.

K. WHERE IS IT?

M: I SOLD IT TO A CIRCUS.

K: A CIRCUS?

M: YES A CALF CIRCUS.

K: WHAT'S THE CALF DOING THERE?

M: O I GUESS CIRCUS STUFF LIKE JUGGLING, TIGHT-ROPEWALKING + GENERALLY MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF.

K: AND WHAT DOES BESSY SAY TO THIS?

M. SHE SAID MIAU! NO I MEAN MOOOH.

K: YOU ARE A VERY BAD MAN!

M: WHY?

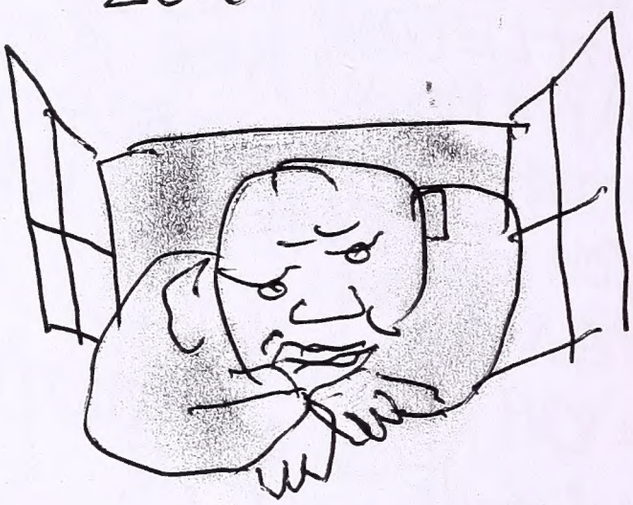
K. TO TAKE THE BABY FROM HIS MOM + SELL HIM TO A CIRCUS! I'LL CALL THE COP!

COP: YES SIR.

K: YOU HAVE TO ARREST THIS HERE MR. MILKMAN.

M: WHY?
K: BECAUSE YOU VIOLATED THE RIGHTS OF A MINOR
M: BUT A MINOR IS A MINOR BECAUSE HE DOESN'T NEED ANY RIGHTS
K: OFFICER YOU REPRESENT THE LAW
COP: NO SIR I AM LAW ENFORCEMENT
K. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
COP. IT MEANS WHENEVER YOU DO SOMETHING I DONT LIKE I INFORM YOU ABOUT IT.
K. HOW?
COP. LIKE THIS
K. OUCH! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CALF?
COP. MR. MILKMAN WHAT COLOR IS THE CALF?
M. CHOCOLATE BROWN
COP. THAT COMPLICATES THE ISSUE
M. WHY.
COP. IF ITS A BROWN CALF WE HAVE A RACIAL ISSUE HERE.
K. ARENT YOU SUPPOSED TO ARREST MR. MILKMAN BECAUSE HE VIOLATED THE RIGHTS OF A MINOR?

M. BUT MY JOB IS TO SELL MILK + NOT TO VIOLATE THE RIGHTS OF MINORS.
K. BUT YOU DID.
M. NO I DIDN'T BECAUSE I SOLD THIS JUNIOR TO A CIRCUS + TOBE IN A CIRCUS IS VERY PROFITABLE.
COP: WELL IF IT'S PROFITABLE YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CASE HERE FOR AN ARREST.
K. WHO ARE YOU
DEVIL: I AM THE DEVIL. DID I HEAR PROFIT?
COP: NO I SAID PROFITABLE
D: PROFITICKLE PROFITACKLE I DON'T CARE WHICH WAY YOU PUT IT, BUT PROFIT IS MY SPECIALTY
K. HOW COME
D: WELL I LIVE IN HELL WHICH IS WARM + PROFITABLE & MY JOB IS TO GET AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE TO BE WARM + PROFITABLE
K. NICE
D. BUT YOU AREN'T (you) A COP?
COP. SO WHAT
D. I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR SOMETIME
COP: I AM JUST ENFORCING THE LAW

D : THAT'S WHAT I MEAN
K : WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HIM?
D : TO A SAFE ZONE
K : WHAT'S THAT?
D : THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE TOTALLY SAFE UNTIL ONE DAY YOU ARE TOTALLY UNSAFE
MRS.H : GENTLEMEN CAN YOU PLEASE PLAY COPSDEVIL SOMEWHERE ELSE. THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE WITTLEBOOM RESIDENCY + MR. + MRS. W. ARE ABOUT TO TAKE THEIR BEAUTYNAP + YOU GORILLAS ARE WAKING THEM UP!
D : OH SORRY
M : I GUESS WE BETTER GET LOST
K : I AM DASPET + I'M NOT GETTING LOST BECAUSE MR + MRS. W.'S HOUSEHOLDCOORDINATOR YELLS AT ME.
D : YOU'RE NOT AFRAID?
K : NO
D : HOW COME?
K : BECAUSE. I SING: TRARIRALALA

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